New Republic

JUNE 13, 1949

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SOVIET "NON-RETURNERS"

By GEORGE FISCHER

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New Republic

EDITOR: Michael Straight
EDITORIAL DIRECTOR: Bruce Bliven
PUBLISHER: Daniel Mebane

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MANAGING EDITOR: Jack Weeks
CONTRIBUTING EDITORS: Malcolm Cowley, John Farrelly, Harold L. Ickes, Joseph P. Lash, Max Lerner, James R. Newman, Gus Tyler, J. Raymond Walsh, Harold Wolff
WASHINGTON BUREAU: Helen Fuller (Political Editor), Jean Begeman
DEPARTMENTS: Robert Hatch (Chief), Cecil Smith (Music), Saul Carson (Radio and Television), Harold Clurman (Theatre), Lincoln Kirstein (Fine Arts), Percy Winner (Foreign Affairs)
COPY EDITING: Elizabeth Huling (Chief), Ruth Tarcov
RESEARCH: Barbara Greenfeld, Vasiliki Sarant
ADVERTISING MANAGER: E. G. Wood
CIRCULATION MANAGER: Walter F. Grueninger

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WASHINGTON WIRE

A LOT OF high-powered correspondents are rather unhappy because the Administration put the Taft-Hartley Act repeal issue on the Senate calendar before the debate on the Atlantic Pact. They miss the point. To begin with, the pact is going to be approved. Maybe the international effect would be better if the Senate acted right away, but the Senate will talk three or four weeks before it acts. It is doubtful if ultimate approval would come in time to influence the Paris conference one way or the other.

There is a tendency of international writers and global thinkers to minimize the importance of the Taft-Hartley Act. Just a "domestic issue," they say. They don't know the world they're living in. The decision now being made in Congress may determine US industrial relations for years to come. The recession is deepening and there are wicked-toothed anti-labor traps in the T-H Act that have never been sprung; they are lying in wait and will be used if unemployment grows, if strikes develop and if the NAM decides the time has come to "put labor in its place."

There's another aspect of it. Truman and Barkley and the Democratic platform pledged repeal of T-H. The Senate debate may decide for a lot of people whether the 1948 election meant anything, and if so, how much; whether, in fact, modern American party machinery means much. That is a pretty vital matter—in fact about as important as the Atlantic Treaty.

We caught Radio Moscow the other evening on our short-wave dial, something that for years we had been vainly fishing for. There was a lot of static, but we got the implication all right. America is suffering from a terrible depression. We put up our feet on the comfortable stool, lit a capitalistic cigar and sat back to hear all about it. There were two speakers, a man and a woman in rapid-fire order, and there was no funny business about the accent; it was good Midwest American—none of your Oxford English. We heard them quote Dr. Nourse of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, who would probably be surprised at the plug. Somehow something was lacking, though. It did not have the entertainment value of old Lord Haw-Haw. The Germans had an arrogant, condescending humor that was rather amusing; the Russians were terribly serious as the voice from behind the Iron Curtain proceeded to tell whoppers about breadlines and cobwebbed factories.

We got to thinking about Ralph Bunche and the kind of propaganda we throw into Moscow's hands. As we all know, Dr. Bunche, an American Negro, served as UN mediator in Palestine and brought Arab and Jew together. He is being mentioned as candidate for the next Nobel peace prize. Dr. Bunche has just declined Truman's invitation to be Assistant Secretary of State and will continue with the UN. One reason is that living in Washington would be next to intolerable for him and worse for his wife and children. The Washington school system, of course, practices segregation.

While Bunche was working for the Palestine agreement a dinner was arranged at a Washington hotel at which he was scheduled to speak. The hotel accepted the deposit and then the executive secretary of the Middle East Institute happened to think about Washington prejudices and notified the hotel that Bunche would be a guest.

Immediately the deposit was returned with intimation of the hotel's anti-Negro policy. The hotel was the swank Wardman Park. An incident

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like this, sedulously circulated round the world by Moscow radio, is more damaging to the United States in the spiritual war with Communism than loss of a vial of a Hickenlooper U-235 in the Cold War.

Notes. The British fiscal situation seems to be pretty bad; well-informed people here hope the government can weather it, but they don't dismiss the possibility of the UK going back to a closed economy and even perhaps ducking an election by reviving a coalition government. . . . American economists still can't agree whether we are merely experiencing an "economic hiccup" or a big slowdown; an unemployment figure of 3.5 million is now considered the critical mark.

The Federal Communications Commission has relaxed its ban against radio stations editorializing in their own name; people who have listened to Fulton Lewis Jr. are asking how this differs from what radio already is doing. . . . Senator Hickenlooper is up for reëlection next year, Lilienthal for Senate reconfirmation as head of the Atomic Energy Commission; it begins to seem that one of them may lose his job in the present struggle. . . . A sensational State Department "White Paper" on China spells out in detail the incredible corruption and ineptitude of the Chiang regime which led to its own downfall; the Department argues that its efforts to get Communists into the Chiang government was a temporary expedient, but it gave no indication of holding such views at the time.

Theoretically, bureaucrats shouldn't hit back when bullying congressmen impugn their motives, but Lilienthal has done it with Hickenlooper and now Air Secretary Symington is bouncing back at Representative Van Zandt (R, Pa.). The latter charged that political reasons influenced the Air Force's choice of the B-36 bomber; behind it is a desperate drive by some Navy people to "get" the Air Force. . . . Many congressmen quietly assume that there is going to be an extra session next autumn.

Washington T. R. B.

CORRESPONDENCE

Politics in the Middle East

SIR: I noticed with considerable interest in recent newspaper reports the quick confirmation of predictions contained in J. L. Teller's article in your issue of May 2 in which he stated that should Turkey fail to obtain membership in the Atlantic Pact she might seek a regional pact jointly with Israel. Similarly, recent denials in reports from Amman, of the existence of rivalry between the US and Britain, accompanied by an appeal for a joint Anglo-American Middle East policy, only confirms the *New Republic's* statements.

As a student of Middle East affairs and having lived in that area for many years, I find Mr. Teller's articles consistent with your policy of presenting fresh opinion based on sound erudition.

New York City FRANCES LEE-NELSON

SIR: The article, "Intrigue in the Middle East," by J. L. Teller (the *NR*, May 2), was of considerable interest except for several discordant notes which perhaps were due to journalistic license. I should like further clarification on the following points:

"Iraq, where pro-British Nuri as-Said Pasha rules through terror"—Hitlerian terror, or the usual non-democratic rule?

"By becoming partners in a Mediterranean alliance from which the United States is excluded, Britain and France hope to undermine somewhat American gains in the Mediterranean region and at least become mediators between the United States and the native governments." Britain should not have let the Americans into Greece!

"Wanting absolute domination of the area, Britain lent her moral support to Syrian and French nationalists at the end of World War II with the result that France was forced promptly to terminate her mandate over Syria and Lebanon." Who were the French nationalists who granted the Levant states their independence because of British "support"?

Finally: "Abdullah's request that British troops take over patrolling of the Transjordan-Israeli frontier means to them that he wanted the Arab Legion relieved for operations elsewhere, and they were taking no chances." No chances that the Israeli forces would invade Transjordan, so *British* troops took over the patrol of *the frontier*?

It may be unfair to quote these excerpts out of context, but frankly I can't put them into context. Who would be the scapegoat if the British pulled out of the Middle East altogether?

Cambridge, Mass. RICHARD N. FRYE

SIR: First, the possibility that the present regime in Iraq may be analagous to "Hitlerian terror" is introduced by Mr. Frye, not by me. The following facts should help him classify Iraqi terror. Opposition groups have been ruthlessly disbanded and their newspapers suspended. Several thousand people have been arrested in Iraq's anti-Communist campaign; these include Jewish bankers and industrialists. The overwhelming majority of these have been languishing in jails without having formal charges filed against them. Of those that have faced tribunals, most have been tried *in camera*, and even at public trials they enjoyed little of the protection that defendants generally receive in civilized courts.

Second, Britain could not hold Greece herself, and had no other recourse than American assistance. There is abundant evidence that Britain now regrets having "let the Americans into Greece."

Third, the reference was to Syrian and Lebanese nationalists. "French nationalists" is an unfortunate typographical error.

Fourth, that Syria has serious misapprehensions about Abdullah's designs is evident from General Zayim's recent order shutting off, for a brief period, Syria's frontier to Transjordanese traffic. It can hardly be denied that if the British were to relieve the Arab Legion from patrolling the frontier with Israel, the Legion would be freer for operations elsewhere. British troops do not patrol the Palestine frontier, as Mr. Frye seems to think.

Fifth, if Mr. Frye is right in calling Britain a scapegoat, her eagerness to assume trusteeship over Cyrenaica would indicate a predilection for being a scapegoat.

New York City J. L. TELLER

First-Class Citizen

SIR: Ickes is one of those, all too few in number, who love their fellow human beings enough to serve them unselfishly. I consider him one of the first-class citizens of the Republic and do anticipate much satisfaction and pleasure in hearing from him in your future issues.

KENNETH M. LEACH

South Bend, Wash.

A Correction

In the *New Republic* of June 6, we referred to Admiral Gingrich as "Samuel P." This was a slip of the pen, for which we apologize. His name is John Edward. – THE EDITORS

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VOLUME 120, NUMBER 24, ISSUE 1802, NEW YORK CITY, JUNE 13, 1949 **New Republic**

SIXTEEN MILLION PAY ENVELOPES

ORGANIZED LABOR is on the verge of its greatest advance in this country since the principle of union recognition was established through the "sitdown" strikes of 1936-37. The fourth-round campaign for wage increases, which will come to a showdown in the next six weeks, will put as much, if not more, emphasis on welfare and pension programs than on rates of pay. Labor is asking for another wage raise because workers' incomes still lag behind the increase that has occurred in the cost of living since wartime price controls were removed. Concurrently, the unions are out to broaden the scope of trade-union operations vastly—to win general acceptance of the principle that a sinking fund for human beings is a proper cost for management.

The "fourth-round" fight comes at what, superficially, appears to be a bad time for labor. The cost of living has ceased to spiral, even if it is not declining. A few prices have dropped. And business' attitude is more stiff-backed than ever before.

Actually, labor's position is strong. Faced with real competition for the first time since the war, most industries would suffer considerable losses in the event of strikes now. Independent operators, in particular, are likely to settle with the unions under pressure. Rank-and-file union members are showing a growing maturity in their support for the abstract principle of welfare funds. For the first time since the sitdown strikes for union recognition, industrial workers are excited about fighting for something other than more bread and butter right now.

It may take strikes to break industry's resistance to this next basic advance toward greater security. In any case, labor will need strong public support and understanding in the critical period just ahead.

The outlines of industry's case against more wages and more security are already clear. The press constantly reports that "the cost of living has declined"; "production has caught up with demand"; layoffs are spreading. The trade unions should pull in their horns until better times open the way for further gains. Prices have begun to come down, industry argues, but if it is required to increase labor costs it will also have to increase prices—thus increasing buyer resistance, cutting sales, etc., etc.

The facts assembled by labor's own economic experts contradict the press about the cost of living. Even the official US Bureau of Labor Statistics reports show that the cost of living actually *increased* .4 percent between April 15, 1948, and April 15 of this year, instead of falling substantially. For lack of purchasing power, consumer demand has been able to absorb only 70 percent of our output this past year, and most consumer-goods industries are well below peak production.

This simply means that its current demands are necessary for the general welfare, labor says. The only insurance against deepening recession is stable purchasing power and the only practical place to stabilize purchasing power is in the pay envelopes of our 16 million organized industrial workers.

There can be little question of industry's continuing ability to pay extra labor costs out of record profits. Preliminary reports for the first quarter of 1949 show that for business generally profits were still increasing, the loud moans we have been hearing from industry spokesmen to the contrary notwithstanding.

A *Wall Street Journal* study of the earnings of 197 firms for the last three months shows them to be 21 percent greater than in 1948—the profits in the iron and steel industry, for example, rising 65.9 percent in the last year; aircraft manufacturing, 152.4 percent; autos and equipment, 31.7 percent; mining and metals, 62.6 percent. And these 1949 increases in profits are increases over the greatest profit year of them all—1948, which ran 23 percent above 1947, a record year itself.

Here is the CIO's statement of the case:

> The insignificant decline in consumer prices since last December offers no hope that businessmen will voluntarily use price relief as a means of keeping the economy going at a high pitch. . . . The situation calls for a flow of increased purchasing power to the large mass of American people. . . . American labor, largely defenseless in 1921 and 1929, now stands ready to exert its influence to increase consumer buying power, rather than allow short-sighted employers to undermine it.

The wages of more than 16 million American workers are now set by collective-bargaining agreements;

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this year, as last, the general pattern for all will be established by four big unions which represent roughly three million of these.

The United Automobile Workers, the United Steelworkers and the United Electrical Workers—the big three of the CIO—and John L. Lewis' United Mine Workers are all deep in negotiations for new contracts. In each case, comprehensive welfare and pension plans are an important part of the bargaining. Lewis, already far ahead of the pack with $90-monthly pensions for miners over 60 and extensive health and life-insurance benefits, is demanding a boost from 20 cents to 40 cents per ton in royalties from the mine owners to swell the UMW welfare fund. The logic of the situation compels Philip Murray to demand from US Steel the same benefits for his steelworkers as US Steel has already granted to the men who work in its mines. The UAW has selected Ford as the first target in its drive against the big three of the auto industry. The UAW is demanding $100-per-month pensions at 60 and a five-percent-of-payroll welfare trust fund to be set up by the employer. The United Electrical Workers are following the same pattern.

Labor's drive for a "fourth round" of postwar pay raises will be a real test of whether, with superficially less plausible arguments than before, it can continue to ask and win a steadily rising standard of living, whether it can establish the social responsibility of industry as definitely as it previously established the government's responsibility for union recognition.

THE WEEK

HICKENLOOPER ON GUARD

The Congressional hearings on David Lilienthal's record as AEC Chairman got underway amid signs of hasty preparation and befuddlement. Led by Iowa's Senator Bourke B. Hickenlooper, who, having first accused Lilienthal of "incredible mismanagement," now appears to be uncertain of how to substantiate what he said, the loyal opposition was obviously trying to dredge up something to embarrass the Administration. Anything would do. The scene of this new expedition is laid in the same ugly, bastard-Corinthian columned and chandeliered Caucus Room, where the Pearl Harbor hearings were held two years ago. This time, however, the Republicans were after a living man.

After a brief opening statement by Senator McMahon, chairman of the Joint Committee, Hickenlooper led off by defining the hearing as "an inquiry into the Administrative direction and policies of Mr. Lilienthal as chairman of the Commission itself." Having announced that he would "resist the attempt of anyone to divert this inquiry by beclouding the issues or introducing extraneous matters," Hickenlooper thereupon demanded, for the preparation of his "case," the production of a carload of documents, including all the minutes of the AEC General Advisory and Military Liaison Committee meetings, the security files of a long list of unnamed persons, data on overtime pay, engineering reports and the entire inventory of the Manhattan District Project at the time of its absorption by the AEC. He also demanded copies of the Quebec, Hyde Park, Potsdam and US-UK agreements relating to atomic energy, although what bearing these might have upon Lilienthal's efficiency was not brought out.

The rest of the first session, ironically referred to by McMahon as "Chapter One," was taken up by Hickenlooper's attempt to show that there had been a "lack of continuity in key personnel"—meaning that a number of high officials had resigned or been shifted to other posts—and that there had been a heavy general turnover in Commission employees. In support of these assertions he introduced several pages of statistics, interpreted by means of certain interesting mathematical innovations which lead to what he termed "extremely startling conclusions." Of this there can be no doubt. Even so, Hickenlooper's figure of a 34-percent annual turnover in the AEC does not compare unfavorably with Civil Service Commission figures of 33 percent for all government agencies during 1948 and 54.8 percent for private manufacturing industry.

The crux of Hickenlooper's case, at this point, seemed to be that Lilienthal's managerial abilities should be measured in terms of the employment record of the AEC's staff, and that when any employee from Commissioner to groundkeeper resigned from his post or was dismissed, it was a reflection on the accused, since this must be regarded as detrimental to efficiency. A strange doctrine even for Washington; what might perhaps be described as the principle of "guilt by disassociation." Lilienthal had only begun his reply to the charges when the committee adjourned for the weekend; but in his first few hours he managed to make it clear that one reason for the high turnover among employees of the AEC is that men of competence and integrity will not tolerate the sort of witch-hunting to which they are subjected by Senator Hickenlooper, among others.

VICTORY OVER MONOPOLY

Despite the tremendous propaganda and lobbying campaign for "basing-point" legislation, the Senate has rejected a proposed "moratorium" on anti-trust laws and has passed a permanent measure which provides that

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freight absorption or delivered price systems are legal only if not used as a conspiracy to restrain trade. This unexpected about-face came when Southern Democrats, liberal Republicans and Administration leaders joined forces —the first real test of anti-monopoly strength in the 81st Congress.

The moratorium bill, originally sponsored by Senator Francis J. Myers (D, Pa.) with the coöperation of Edwin Johnson (D, Colo.), Homer Capehart (R, Ind.) and Herbert O'Connor (D, Md.), would have banned all Federal Trade Commission actions against businessmen who individually and in "good faith" use delivered price systems and freight-absorption practices —the primary method of strangling competition—until July 1, 1950. Since the Supreme Court basing-point decision one year ago, which greatly strengthened the powers of the FTC, the monopolists have tried every way to persuade Congress to change the anti-monopoly laws. "This lobbying effort," said Senator Wayne Morse (R, Ore.), "was one of the best organized, one of the most heavily financed, and one of the most adroitly deceptive that has ever been addressed to the Congress of the United States." In their propaganda, the trusts misrepresented the Supreme Court's action, the Federal Trade Commission's proceedings and policy, and even the effect of the proposed legislation upon the pricing practices of basing-point industries.

Through a systematic campaign of having their customers ask Congress to take definite action to legalize basing-point selling, General Electric, the Corn Products Refining Company, Youngstown Sheet and Tube, the National Steel Company and the other large trusts favorably affected by the moratorium have carefully avoided acknowledging their brain child. By the time the bill was brought to the Senate floor, the monopolists were confident of its passage. The first indication of opposition came when Senators Morse and William Langer (R, N. D.) opened the attack. Senator Langer pointed out that the bill introduced new and undefined phrases into the anti-trust laws, that it nullified anti-trust laws against price discrimination, that it represented an unwarranted intrusion by the legislative branch of government into the proper sphere of the judiciary. As for "free enterprise," he added, the monopolists would be "free to gouge and rob the people all over the country."

Langer and Morse were joined by Senators Kefauver, Long, Hill, Pepper, Sparkman, Tobey and Aiken, and by the time Senator Joseph O'Mahoney (D, Wyo.) introduced a substitute bill, the monopolists knew they were licked. The O'Mahoney bill has one important drawback: the FTC cannot declare the basing-point system to be, *per se*, an unfair method of competition. The Commission must prove collusion or discrimination that injures competition. However, the FTC welcomed the compromise since it has always proved collusion in the past, and this stipulation at least will remove the fear that the Commission might act arbitrarily in cases concerning unfair methods of competition. The present powers of the FTC are virtually unchanged by the legislation.

The Senate action marks a turning point in anti-trust legislation. Last session, the Republican Congress passed the Reed-Bulwinkle bill, exempting the railroads from anti-trust laws. The original moratorium measure, like the railroad bill, would have exempted the big steel companies, the big cement companies and other monopolies.

The final vote in favor of Senator O'Mahoney's substitute was unanimous. Apparently there is a new majority in the Senate so opposed to economic concentration as to constitute a potential bloc for ensuring passage of a complete anti-monopoly program in the course of this session and the next. For lack of Administration leadership in this field to date, however, the penny-pinchers in the House and Senate have had their way—appropriations for the anti-trust activities of the Department of Justice and the Federal Trade Commission have been cut, with no organized effort by the Democrats to restore them.

THE CONTROL TOWER

The Administration's long-range housing bill, passed by the Senate earlier this month, is bogged down in the House Rules Committee under the combined opposition of Republican and Southern Democratic members. The "control-tower" Rules group has refused to clear the bill for floor action. But the Democrats are taking steps to bring the measure up anyway. A change in House procedure, adopted last January to prevent important Administration measures from being stopped in the Rules Committee, now makes it possible to go directly to the floor for a rule after a waiting period of 21 days. If the Rules Committee blockade has not been broken by June 27, the housing bill will reach the floor on a motion by Banking and Currency Committee chairman Brent Spence (Ky.).

Jesse Wolcott (R, Mich.), who successfully blocked consideration of a similar housing bill during the 80th Congress, has led the opposition again in the latest Rules Committee battle. He announced with horror that the Administration program would cost $24 billion over 40 years, with more than $19 billion of that total coming from the federal treasury, and charged that there will be "socialization" of the housing industry if the bill is passed. His warning was seconded by the three ranking Republicans on the committee—Representatives Leo Allen (Ill.), James Wadsworth (N. Y.) and Clarence Brown (Ohio)—and Dixie-GOP's Eugene Cox (Ga.), Howard Smith (Va.) and William Colmer (Miss.). Those who argued at the time the rules were being changed that the only safe remedy was to remove all the Dixiecrats from the Rules Committee, seem to have been right.

AMERICA'S FUTURE, INC.

Radio stations all over the country are receiving samples of a new transcribed program, dedicated to its sponsor's notion of "free private enterprise."

America's Future, Inc., previously

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known only in connection with former Representative Sam Pettengill's arch-reactionary radio propaganda, is now offering its own special brand of Americanism in the form of 35 recorded interviews for sale to local sponsors at $5 each.

The list of interviews, conducted by Bill Slater, Mutual network announcer, includes some of the bigger names in US tory circles: National Association of Manufacturers Chairman Robert Wason; National Steel Corporation Chairman Ernest T. Weir; Senator Harry F. Byrd; Charles R. Hook, president of Armco Steel; Eddie Rickenbacker, of Eastern Airlines; and such lesser fellow travelers as Eugene Lyons, of the *Reader's Digest;* Wheeler McMillen, editor of Pew's *Farm Journal;* the Reverend Norman Vincent Peale, of New York; and Hearst columnist Ruth Alexander.

The series is called "Americans, Speak Up." Samples of the interviews with Major Benjamin Namm, past president of the National Retail Dry Goods Association, and Cecil Palmer, British writer, now being distributed, give station operators an idea of what they would be buying at $5 per platter. Both are anti-British interviews, aimed at running down the Labour Government. Sample exchanges:

SLATER: Mr. Palmer, the first thing every American wants to know is—what has happened to freedom in Socialist Britain?

PALMER: As we in Britain moved into the twilight and confusion and frustration of a Planned Economy, we began to realize that our precious heritage of freedom, which we had taken for granted, as you in America have taken your freedom for granted, is worse than in jeopardy. We have already lost much of it.

SLATER: How in the name of heaven did socialized medicine come about in Great Britain?

PALMER: The government pushed the service through Parliament and it became the law of the land despite the fact that it was perfectly obvious that it would not be carried out in full.

After a discussion with Major Namm on "how Socialism came to England," Slater asked: "Do you think that what happened in England could happen here?"

NAMM: Yes, it could happen here. . . . We could easily travel down the old road to state socialism, as have most of the countries in Europe. And unless the American people permit business to earn reasonable profits from the free functioning of fair and open competition, we may end up in either socialism or communism.

SLATER: Do you think that business profits are too high?

NAMM: Net business profits after taxes average less than five cents out of the customer's dollar. Is that too high?

SLATER: No, but what's labor's share?

NAMM: Labor receives four times as much as stockholders and management combined.

If a radio station likes the sample, it is asked to send contributions to "help defray the promotional costs." A note at the end of the order blank says: "Because America's Future is educational and non-partisan, the US Treasury has ruled that contributions from individuals are deductible up to 15 percent and support from corporations up to five percent of net income." The platters were scheduled to go on the air June 1.

"I'm always true to you, darling, in my fashion"

STILL A MYSTERY

Is Alger Hiss now a Communist, or was he one in the 1930's? The answer to this absorbing enigma came no nearer during the first three days of Hiss's trial for perjury in Federal Court in New York City.

Whittaker Chambers, ex-editor of *Time* and self-accused former courier for a Communist spy apparatus, repeated his familiar charges from the witness stand: he and Hiss were close friends and fellow Communists in Washington from the summer of 1934 until April, 1938. During part of this

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time, when Hiss was assistant to an Assistant Secretary of State, he frequently brought home confidential government documents overnight. Many of these were copied or paraphrased by Mrs. Hiss on the typewriter, and others by Hiss himself in his own handwriting. Some were photographed by Chambers. All were for transmission to his superior in espionage, Colonel Boris Bykov, whom he had introduced to Hiss. At Christmas, 1938, he tried vainly to get Mr. and Mrs. Hiss to repudiate Communism.

Under cross-examination by defense attorney Lloyd Paul Stryker, Chambers readily agreed that while he himself had been a Communist he had been guilty of treason and many other morally reprehensible acts. He also admitted that he had committed perjury and suppression of evidence in testifying before a federal grand jury, the House Un-American Activities Committee and the FBI. As he spoke, a well-known New York psychiatrist, Dr. Carl Binger, who is working with the defense, took voluminous notes, some of which he passed to Stryker.

While Chambers told his story again last week, Hiss sat in stony silence. He has denied all the important parts of it, and has brought suit against Chambers for $75,000 for slander, a suit now pending in Baltimore. If the court trial is to reveal which of the two men has been lying, that revelation was still in the future as the court adjourned for the weekend.

INVESTIGATOR INVESTIGATED

SACRAMENTO (NR correspondent)

California liberals who have been looking under the bed every night for 11 years for signs of State Senator Jack Tenney, the local version of John Rankin, are currently entertained by the promise that he is going to be investigated himself.

Under the sponsorship of Tenney's state committee on Un-American Activities, a whole group of so-called "loyalty" bills has been introduced into the legislature. One called for loyalty oaths by teachers, another would outlaw the teaching of "Communism, Nazism, or Fascism" in California schools, a third would permit any employer engaged in defense work to require loyalty oaths of his employees, still another would have required loyalty oaths by lawyers. Fairly easy sailing was expected for these bills until Tenney presented one which would have required loyalty oaths from the state legislators themselves. Now, as a result of allegations that he used pressure of various kinds to get votes for his bills, the Senate Rules Committee is to investigate Tenney individually.

He has been accused of putting the editor of a small anti-Communist sheet called *Alert* on the state payroll for $220 a month and also providing it, through his committee, with a number of subscriptions at $25 a year. Editor Edward H. Gibbons, it is charged, threatened that legislators would be classified as Communists in *Alert* if they did not vote for the Tenney loyalty bills.

First charges were made by Republican Assemblyman John W. Evans of Los Angeles, backed by Assemblyman Julian Beck, Democratic floor leader. State Senator Gerald O'Hara, who had been attacked in *Alert* along with such Democrats as James Roosevelt, William Malone (leader of San Francisco Democrats and prominent Catholic), John F. Shelley, state president of the AFL, and Representative Franck Havenner, led the fight in the senate with a formal demand for an investigation. Following the heated debate, during which, at one point, he was invited to "step outside," Tenney, who had asked for $150,000 to continue his committee, said he was tired and indicated that he might step out of the committee.

Liberals, who are as entertained as anybody by the sight of a man biting a dog, will watch the Rules Committee's investigation of Tenney and his group with more than usual interest. The first of the legislative "un-American" investigating groups, in individual states, Tenney and his fellow committee members may be the first to get their come-uppance from a legislature outraged by excesses.

OUTSIDE AMERICA

Some Frenchmen of good will made an effort a few years ago to build one of the modern world's first examples of a Third Force. Their intention was to bring into being an instrument of political conciliation that, through social and economic justice, would give France the strength to frustrate Fascism and resist Communism. They called their instrument the Popular Front, though it wasn't exactly popular with some other Frenchmen.

These were of various sorts. Some were out-and-out reactionaries. Some were doubters and cynics. Some were believers in force without any distinctions among First, Second or Third. Some believed the human will wasn't the raw material of moderation and morality but rather of a modern political philosophy that could power panzer divisions and planes better than high-octane gasoline could. Some were simply survivalists who wanted to save their skins and purses. And of these there were not a few who said, "Better Adolf Hitler than Léon Blum."

In terms of real political possibility the Popular Front died bloodily during a few hours on February 6, 1934—a day which in retrospect appears as the real start of France's decline to military defeat and moral disgrace. This was a rightist putsch, and in the years that followed some farsighted Frenchmen became aware of what the future held for their country. Men of good will tried in vain to avert, or at least to prepare for, the disaster. Men whose will was good only toward themselves began to ship their money out of the country.

During the *Sitzkrieg* these men were ferocious anti-Communists who still believed an appeasement deal was possible with Hitler. When the phony war became real, these men turned up

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in high places in New York. While other Frenchmen (including plenty of conservatives who had also disliked the Popular Front) were resisting at home or in London or on battlefields in various parts of the world, these wise *malins* were being very patriotic over dinner tables in New York's Colony and Voisin restaurants. In Wall Street and Washington, they were listened to by bankers and politicians. The State Department learned from them that Charles de Gaulle was a dangerous upstart, that Henri Philippe Pétain was a wonderful man who really represented France. Cordell Hull referred to the "so-called" Free French, and the Vichy policy was born with the midwifery of the brave Frenchmen fighting the battles of Park Avenue and Pennsylvania Avenue.

But the France which the American soldiers found when they arrived on French soil, the Frenchmen of the Resistance and the French Forces of the Interior who helped them—these were quite different. Before the fighting had ended, Frenchmen again were struggling to put their political house in order, to create a France with the social and economic reforms that would prevent another defeat, and—perhaps even worse—another ignominious collaboration. During the early period after the Liberation, one of the achievements of the Frenchmen of good will was a system of governmental social security. Also included in a mild variant of a New Deal was *dirigisme* and *planisme,* a variety of overall economic planning that called for the nationalization of key industries, and state controls. Since then France has had ups and downs. There have been changes in men and things—for example, de Gaulle, who started out as the leader of the opposition to Pétain, has become the *chef* of a movement that is based largely on the followers of the old Marshal. But by the late spring of 1949, France has covered a long stretch of the road back to the economic situation of ten years ago, though not forward to the social and economic reforms needed as foundations for national strength.

The American officials in France, unlike those in Italy or Spain or Greece, are really in contact with progressive French forces. Apparently, however, the Americans in New York and Washington who were so charmed by their guests a dozen years ago haven't really changed in their ideas about what France should be. And since everything American spells power, these have in France a power almost as great as that of the real spokesmen for Washington.

Some weeks ago Paul Reynaud was in the United States. His record in 1939 and 1940 doesn't make him a particularly worthy or important figure in France. But in America, he was taken to the bosom of all sorts of great and near great. When Reynaud returned to France, he let it be known in the back alleys of finance and in the corridors of politics that he was responsible for the promotion of David Bruce from the post of ECA head to that of Ambassador. "*Bruce est l'homme de Reynaud,*" was the formula. Of course, there isn't a shadow of truth in that; on the contrary, the new ambassador has a record which suggests an openness to progressive ideas. Nevertheless, Reynaud was able to throw his weight around. A *crise* in the government, perhaps the fall of the Henri Queuille coalition of Radical Socialists, Socialists, Popular Republicans and Reynaud Independents, was averted only because the Council of Foreign Ministers has been meeting in Paris. One minor aspect of the crisis involved controls of the price of gasoline—the idea was to raise prices in order to cover a large deficit in the budget. This was settled (temporarily) by a compromise that gives the government practically none of the extra money it needs, and at the same time strengthens the black market, which is a drain on healthy economic life.

But the crisis continues on the large issues, and Reynaud (with the supposed backing of Wall Street and Washington) is provoking it. He has with him rightist elements in the Radical Socialist Party. He also may have elements of the Popular Republicans in which Georges Bidault, who recently suggested the possibility of a deal with de Gaulle, is becoming once more a major figure. In essence it is a struggle within the coalition itself, provoked, paradoxically enough, by the majority within that government. Its danger, however, is much larger, for the issue is whether the inadequate French New Deal is to survive.

What Reynaud is trying to accomplish is to wreck the system of social security created since the Liberation. He is using a threat to break up the coalition as blackmail to force Queuille into slowing up or stopping reform. As always, the excuse for this backward step is professedly the need for "drastic economies." Rightist newspapers supporting Reynaud are hinting what these economies mean when they say that it isn't enough merely to correct "abuses"; it is necessary to make "structural" changes.

The danger of all this is political. Already the leftist forces are rallying to the support of social security. And for the first time since the rout of the Communists last spring and summer, they and the Socialists are moving closer together. Thus there is a chance that Reynaud with his reactionary American backing may bring about precisely the alliance which was broken through the efforts of progressive Americans last year—the kind of alliance between Socialists and Communists that exists in Italy. While Romita in Italy is trying to undo the inept work of Saragat—to create an autonomous Socialist Party—Reynaud in France may seriously injure the independent Socialist Party that already exists.

If the Fair Dealers in Washington are what they profess to be, there is work for them in France. Bruce can't do it because he has already been compromised through no fault of his own. A loud whisper from Washington would help. Does Truman think that France can't afford social security? Do the Fair Dealers accept Reynaud as the spokesman for American policy? Progressive Frenchmen would like to have the answers. PERCY WINNER

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O'DWYER DOES NOT CHOOSE TO RUN

by Murray Snyder

JUST ABOUT THIS TIME four years ago Fiorello H. LaGuardia announced he would not be a candidate for a fourth term as Mayor of New York City. The Fusion forces which had put him in City Hall in the reaction to the Tammany scandals of 1930-32 promptly fell apart.

The Republicans gave their mayoralty nomination to Judge Jonah J. Goldstein of General Sessions, a Democrat. LaGuardia and Samuel Seabury, "father of Fusion," backed Council President Newbold Morris, a loosely hitched Republican, on an independent ticket. The American Labor Party, in which LaGuardia was enrolled, switched over and endorsed District Attorney William O'Dwyer of Kings County, the Democratic nominee. The Liberals, a brand-new, anti-Communist offshoot of the ALP, completed the reshuffle by supporting Judge Goldstein.

O'Dwyer won the three-cornered race with a whopping majority, of course. And he was an odds-on favorite for reëlection this year, regardless of the way the other parties lined up, when he suddenly announced on May 25 that he would not run.

Most of the forces that opposed O'Dwyer four years ago accepted his decision as final. For weeks the story had been going the rounds that he had told Governor Thomas E. Dewey that he was through. The Mayor's foes brightened, for they considered him by far the strongest candidate the Democrats could put forward. Hopes for a Republican-Liberal slate, clothed with the Seabury reform mantle, were raised, even though there was still the hurdle of agreement on candidates.

On the Democratic side, however, there was doubt that the Mayor could withstand the urging of friends and others with special interests at City Hall to change his mind. Managers of the draft warned that the Mayor's failure to run might jeopardize his vast postwar program of municipal improvements. This raised a question as to the qualifications, good intentions and vote-getting abilities of a broad field of potential Democratic candidates, but the Mayor's friends pressed their big point: they wanted O'Dwyer.

Another, less-emphasized basis for pressure on the Mayor was the threat of a party-splitting primary race for the nomination to succeed him. He was hip-deep in one of his periodic fights to reform Tammany Hall when he announced his retirement plans. The immediate effect was to strengthen the current regime at Tammany and the expectation was that its leaders would retaliate for years of abuse and short rations at the City Hall patronage counter by opposing anyone backed by the Mayor.

There were many good reasons, advanced by a variety of people in city politics, why O'Dwyer should not run, however. In the first place, he is nearly fifty-nine. Last year he suffered a severe physical breakdown which necessitated his confinement to Bellevue Hospital for eight days. His doctors said he suffered from a heart weakness and lowered metabolism. They warned him against both overwork and overdoing the banquet circuit.

Two other important personal reasons for his decision, according to reliable reports, are that he has been offered an executive post with a national chain of theatres at at least three times his city salary of $25,000, and that he plans to marry.

A lot of practical politicians who know the strain of the Mayor's job, its never ending crises, constant political headaches and the enormous responsibility of keeping house for eight million people, say anyone who wants to be Mayor should have his head examined.

O'Dwyer came in at the end of the war with a negligible understanding of the city's operating machinery. Though he had run unsuccessfully against LaGuardia in 1941, all his public service had been as policeman, judge and prosecutor in Brooklyn, and as an Army officer.

He inherited a crop of administrative headaches comparable to the load which fell to Harry S. Truman when President Roosevelt died. The city had been operating on a stringent war basis. Its police, fire and hospital departments desperately needed manpower. Its subways, buildings and streets required immediate overhauling. Blueprints for $2 billion worth of much needed schools and other public works were on the shelves waiting for the release of materials. And the city, already gripped by a housing shortage, faced a critical situation as the veterans poured home, and there were no homes.

In tackling these problems, the city had to contend with an inflation which more than doubled the cost of construction and compelled swift enactment of pay

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Murray Snyder, political writer for the New York Herald Tribune, was born in New York. He studied at the University of Texas and has been in newspaper work for many years in San Antonio and New York City. He was in the Army in the Second World War, going in as a private and coming out a captain of infantry.

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raises for city employees, now grown to an army of nearly 200,000.

The subway fare was boosted from a nickel to a dime, deflating an ancient political issue and easing the transit situation. The city's LaGuardia and Idlewild Airports were leased to the Port of New York Authority, which had the funds to develop them. Schools and city-sponsored public housing went up, but so did the operating budget. From the last LaGuardia expense bill of $747 million the cost of running the city zoomed this year to $1,200 million.

The current budget was met with comparative ease with the help of a $45 million carry-over from the previous fiscal period in which revenues exceeded the city's conservative estimates. Next year may be a different story. Once upon a time New York's income came mostly from real-estate taxes, a relatively stable source. Today more than half is derived from the sales tax and other excise levies. If retail sales continue to fall off, the next Mayor may have a tough time making ends meet.

O'Dwyer has been forewarned that the Republican campaign will be based on allegations of waste and political exploitation of the city payrolls on a grand scale. The GOP is also digging for evidence of actual corruption. The Mayor nosed out some shenanigans himself in his first couple of years in office. Several commissioners walked the plank and one deputy commissioner is in Sing Sing.

Whether the Republicans produce any sensations or not, the Democrats are on the defensive. And a Mayor who is attending to his own major duties is not apt to be in a position to guarantee the purity of all his aides at all times. O'Dwyer is fully aware of his situation and of the brickbats that are about to fly.

Regardless of the quality of the Mayor's municipal operations, the excellence of his political performance is conceded on all sides. He is considered by many in his party to be their most popular and adept vote-getter in the state. He has a flair. There is a little of Al Smith in his strength with the masses, and a little of Franklin Roosevelt. All of this makes him a tough man to follow, from the Democratic viewpoint.

Because any Democratic candidate for Mayor will have to run on the O'Dwyer record, several key members of the administration, who helped shape that record, were projected early as potential successors. These included Borough President John Cashmore of Brooklyn, for nine years a member of the Board of Estimate, the city's "board of directors"; Comptroller Lazarus Joseph, of the Bronx, the city's chief financial officer; and Deputy Mayor John J. Bennett, of Brooklyn, a former State Attorney General and the defeated Democratic candidate for Governor in 1942.

Up to this writing, there were no Democratic hats in the ring. Moreover, Cashmore and Joseph both had voiced publicly the hope that O'Dwyer would change his mind and run.

Cashmore has a tactical advantage by virtue of being Democratic leader of his borough. When the five borough leaders sit down to talk turkey on the proposed slate, he has one of the three votes needed to nominate. But being a party leader, or even an ex-leader should he resign in the near future, he will find himself the target of severe attack from Fusionists, who refuse to draw any distinction between Democrats in Tammany and Democrats in the Brooklyn machine.

However, Cashmore enjoys an unassailable personal and official background and he has a broad knowledge of the city's government and problems. Nevertheless, the woods are full of Democratic dark horses who might slip onto the ticket through a combination, perhaps, of Manhattan, Queens and Richmond leaders, or who might risk a Tammany-backed primary fight for the nomination.

The Democrats are due to go it alone this year. In 1945 O'Dwyer received 258,000 of his 1,125,000 votes from the American Labor Party. The ALP will run its own candidate this trip, concentrating its fire on the city's relief policy, which it regards as niggardly, and the rise in transit fares, which it calls a blow at the poor. The leftists' candidate may be Representative Vito Marcantonio, ALP state chairman.

O'Dwyer's vote on the Democratic line alone four years ago was 867,000; while Judge Goldstein got 431,600 and Newbold Morris, 408,400, for a total of 840,000. Samuel Seabury, in his trumpet call for unity of anti-Tammany forces (exclusive of ALP), held that the 27,000 vote differential between the Democrats and the opposition is all that Fusion must overcome to win this year.

Bringing Republicans and Liberals into harmony again will be no sinecure. Both parties are looking beyond November to the 1950 state elections. They share a desire to oust Tammany and its allies from virtually solid control of city and borough governments. But the Republicans want no Fusion Mayor, who, like LaGuardia, will throw the considerable influence of City Hall to Democratic candidates for Governor, Senator and Representatives next year.

Nor will the New Deal-oriented Liberals support a conservative mayoralty candidate who will line up with the Dewey regime in the state or with the GOP on major national issues, such as labor legislation.

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The Liberals have been chesty ever since they successfully sponsored Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr. for the Manhattan Congressional seat of the late Sol Bloom last month. By concentrating hundreds of workers and spending much money, they administered a humiliating defeat to the candidates of Tammany Hall, the Republican Party and the ALP. The Liberals do not exclude the possibility of running their own candidate for Mayor, making it a four-way race, if they cannot get together with the Republicans.

The Republicans, while preferring one of their own, apparently are willing to consider an independent Democrat for Mayor. Since O'Dwyer's announcement of his retirement, the stock of two such nominal Democrats has risen.

They are District Attorney Frank S. Hogan of New York County, former aide and successor as prosecutor to Dewey, and former Comptroller Joseph D. McGoldrick, a fiscal mainstay of the LaGuardia administration who ran on the ill-fated Goldstein ticket. McGoldrick was named to the non-salaried chairmanship of the New York City Rent Advisory Board, a federal agency, on recommendation of Dewey.

The city election may become still further confused in both issues and alignments if Senator Robert F. Wagner, who has been kept from his Washington duties for more than two years by illness, resigns. The law provides that if he vacates his office before July 8, a Senator must be elected in the general election of November 2 to serve until the end of 1950, when Wagner's fourth six-year term expires.

The Liberals expect to be on the Democratic side next year in the state campaign, as they were last year in the Truman election, and there is little doubt that they would line up with the Democrats in a senatorial race this fall.

THE SOVIET "NON-RETURNERS"

by George Fischer

SINCE WORLD WAR II, the Soviet government has reduced the movement of people into and out of the USSR to a new low. Yet thousands of Soviet Russians have been left on this side of the Iron Curtain by the war, and others are creeping through to our world. Estimates of their present total range from 200,000 to a million. And only now, four years after the end of the war in Europe, is the West learning of this unprecedented exodus from the USSR.

In the first two years after the war, the Western powers showed little sympathy for would-be "non-returners," that is, Soviet citizens not wanting to go back to their homeland. Suspecting them of being Nazi collaborators, the United States and Great Britain were then unwilling to make political asylum an issue with their Russian ally. Therefore they condoned, and in many cases assisted, wholesale repatriation of Soviet nationals from areas under Western control. Tragically often, this removal was accomplished by force, in some instances by kidnaping, and there were also assassinations and suicides on the spot. As a result, thousands of non-returners by now have completely concealed their nationality, identity, and even their past occupation. They also represent themselves as Balts, Poles or displaced persons from a dozen other countries. That is why no one has been able to produce a precise estimate of the number of non-returners.

Only since 1947, when the Cold War grew hotter, have we stopped delivering non-returners to the Soviets. Today the shabby, dreary DP camps in the American zone of Germany are the geographic center of the non-returners. The inhabitants of these camps are typical of the new Russian emigrés. They include Soviet prisoners of war captured by the German army, forced laborers from the USSR, a few anti-Communist Soviet Russians who during the war voluntarily went over to Hitler, and—the most dramatic and constantly increasing category—Russians who have been deserting from Soviet occupation units in Germany and Austria since the end of the war.

Most of these refugees are peasants and manual laborers from all parts of the USSR. But an equally impressive section of Soviet society is represented by hundreds of exiled intellectuals, engineers and officials of the Soviet government, the Red Army, the Communist Party and the secret police. Despite increasing immigration overseas, most of these intellectuals are still scattered through Western Europe. They live in constant dread of continued Soviet reprisals and a recurrence of the forced repatriations to the USSR which the Allies instituted after V-E Day. Though for this

George Fischer, a Junior Fellow in Russian History at Harvard University, was a participant in the New Republic Round Table on the subject "How Strong Is Soviet Russia?" (the NR, May 16). He recently made a survey of the Soviet refugees in Europe for the Russian Research Center of Harvard.

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reason many of the most important non-returners avoid outside contacts, I met a considerable number of highly interesting and noteworthy ones while interviewing Soviet refugees in Germany some months ago.

There was Boris A. Yakovlev, well-known young Moscow architect and builder, captured by the Germans while serving in the Red Army. Formerly vice-president of the Soviet Academy of Architecture and dean of a Moscow Graduate School of Architecture, he is now director of the Russian Library of Munich. Among the DP's I met was also Gregory Ugryumov, a leading official of the para-military Soviet athletic organization. A Communist Party member and a Red Army combat officer, he had served as an instructor in the select central school outside Moscow for party leaders. Professor Andrei Karpinsky had been an outstanding Soviet geologist and engineer in Leningrad. Another scientist was Dr. Vladimir Brailovsky, a distinguished young nuclear physicist. In both cases the men and their wives were deported to Germany during the war as forced laborers.

Why did so many thousands of Soviet men and women decide—on their first chance—not to return to their native land? The chief reason, they say, is their hatred for the dictatorial policies of the government—a hatred which, according to them, is shared by a majority of the population of the USSR. They speak bitterly of the minute, never-ending control of everyday life by the Soviet secret police. Also hated are the sickening extremes of the official worship of Stalin, the compulsory mouthing of Marxist phraseology and the still generally unpopular collectivization of the land. But there is little criticism of the Soviet economic innovations and social reforms, and few non-returners favor private capitalism or a return to Czarism.

The Soviet attitude toward both soldiers and civilians captured by the enemy during the war was as different as possible from that of the United States. The USSR held such people to be guilty of treason unless and until proved otherwise, and they were subjected to the harshest treatment. The charge against them was either that they surrendered voluntarily or became contaminated by Nazi and other anti-Soviet ideologies. The knowledge of the merciless treatment they would receive seems to have been the determining factor in their decision not to return.

Upon capture by the Germans, a considerable percentage of the Soviet prisoners and forced laborers offered to fight against their own government, even under Nazi patronage. Some joined with "White" emigrés in the infamous Russian-manned "Balkan Korpus" and "S. S. Battalione." But the most significant anti-Soviet movement, sponsored by the German army, was distrusted by Nazi leaders. This was the "Russian Liberation Army," headed by a captured Red Army hero, Lieutenant General Andrei A. Vlasov. Together with several other Red Army generals, Vlasov was subsequently retaken and hanged by the Soviets in 1946. Rightly or wrongly, a majority of the non-returners today well-nigh worship him as the embodiment of their intense desire to fight actively for a "Free Russia."

In their depressing and insecure existence in German and Austrian DP camps, the Soviet refugees are unbelievably isolated. While they are fiercely opposed to Stalin and totalitarianism, their political thinking is in a state of flux. But a majority lean toward the practices and ideals of the democratic West, although so far they have been shown little of it.

The most important political grouping among the non-returners is probably the surviving ex-Soviet associates of General Vlasov. They give some promise of a genuinely democratic orientation. Thus their "Fighting Union for the Liberation of the Peoples of Russia" has just expressed its solidarity with the "Russian League for Popular Freedom," formed recently in New York. This League represents the democratic Left of both the old and new emigrations from Russia. Among its leaders are Alexander Kerensky, head of the 1917 Provisional Government, and Victor Chernov, president of the short-lived all-Russian Constitutional Assembly in 1918. A third group is called the "Solidarists" and is led by second-generation "White" Russians. Purporting to be democratic, this group actually favors a Mussolini-like corporate state.

Smallest of the Russian political groups abroad is the monarchist element among the original "White" emigrés. These surviving monarchists are full of nostalgia for the old days of the Czar and are also tainted by an extensive intimacy with Fascist ideas and movements. Yet a number of key American officials appear to equate these aged, unreconstructed absolutists to the British type of liberal constitutional monarchists, and are giving them a disturbing amount of support. A typical monarchist practice in Western Europe is to accuse members of the more democratic Russian emigré groups of being Soviet agents, Nazi quislings, or both. Too often, such denunciations have been headed by the local American occupation authorities, which continue to be frequently ill-advised on political matters. Though the monarchists, politically, represent only a tiny minority of the Russian DP's, many of them have wormed their way into top administrative posts in DP camps; some of them are known to have been war-

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time Gauleiters in German-occupied Soviet territory.

The existence of the vast new Soviet emigration can be a crucial matter for the United States. Our present quarrel is clearly with the Soviet government, and not with the Russian people. If the people of Russia are our natural allies, it is immensely important for the future that we prove it by treating them as such. In most immediate terms, this applies to the Soviet refugees outside the Iron Curtain. For the last three or four years we have suspected them, and in effect ignored them. Surely it is high time they are made welcome by the democratic West.

HAROLD L. ICKES: *The Forrestal Tragedy*

WHAT THE VERDICT of history will be on the Forrestal tragedy only history itself will disclose. I venture to say it will more justly appraise the events that led up to the taking of his own life than can be done today.

I was never an intimate of James Forrestal's, but for a number of years we were good friends and I greatly respected his personal and official integrity. It is not known—I doubt whether Mr. Forrestal himself ever knew it—but it was I who first suggested to the late Frank Knox that he ask President Roosevelt to nominate Mr. Forrestal for Undersecretary of the Navy. Later, upon the death of Secretary Knox, Mr. Forrestal naturally inherited the position of Secretary, for which, as Undersecretary, he had shown high qualifications.

I felt a growing attachment to Mr. Forrestal as we became better acquainted. I have never had any predilection for "Wall Street," where Mr. Forrestal had greatly prospered as a member of the firm of Dillon, Read and Company. I soon discovered that he had ideas that soared far beyond the acquisition of money for its own sake. He told me one day with a smile that, in going back over the Navy files to discover what they might contain with respect to himself when he volunteered for service during the First World War, he discovered that he had been suspected of being a socialist. I was both surprised and interested on another occasion when he told me he read the *New Republic*, to which he had been a subscriber for many years. And I well remember the time I asked him whether he would go back to Wall Street when he was through with his government service. His answer was no. He thought he might publish a liberal magazine.

His attitude toward his own fortune seemed to be one of indifference, although this might have been because he felt secure. Once he remarked that he did not know what securities he had and that he must go over them. This certainly did not indicate the character of a mere money maker.

I had a further and personal reason for liking Mr. Forrestal. At a critical moment, when without the Big Inch petroleum pipeline I doubted if we could win the war, but when I was encountering strenuous objections to my efforts to obtain the WPB's consent for the project, James Forrestal, as proxy for Secretary Knox, announced that, despite the Navy's priorities for vitally needed steel, he was in favor of allowing material for Big Inch. The Army was thus left as the only formidable opponent.

Against this background, I must say that in my opinion the major conflict that raged in the heart of a man of whose patriotic devotion to duty there can be no doubt, arose in connection with the determination of the President—first Roosevelt and then Truman—to bring about a unification of the armed services. The principal opponents to unification were the admirals. From the time he was appointed Undersecretary of the Navy it seemed to me that the admirals had great influence with Mr. Forrestal, and this increased after he became Secretary. The result was that Mr. Forrestal opposed unification. This opposition, even although it was on principle, brought him into direct conflict with an Administration policy. This must have had a corroding effect upon his mind and conscience, because his instinct was to be loyal to his superiors. Then, undoubtedly under moral compulsion, he tried to appease his own mind in regard to unification. It seems to me that this was the germ of a disturbing and, as it developed, an irreconcilable conflict that was to have a tragic ending.

No one had a right to complain if Mr. Forrestal, on principle, opposed the effort to bring the Army, the Navy and the Air Force together into one department. He did not believe in unification, and as a man of principle he let that be known. The trouble was that instead of resigning on principle, as others have done, he attempted a unification which never could have been more than a patchwork because his heart was not in it. What he should have done was to walk into the office of the President and lay down his commission with the announcement of his perfectly understandable and honorable reasons for declining to undertake something

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in which he had no faith. My own belief is that if Mr. Forrestal had done this, he would be alive today, with as much peace of mind as might have been possible considering other worries he might have had.

It was natural that when he was Secretary of Defense, criticism of Mr. Forrestal made itself heard in increasing volume, though as a general rule he had an unusually good press—much better, in fact, than many of his Cabinet colleagues. Who can dispute the right of people to appraise the acts of an administrative officer and mete out praise or blame as their judgment dictates on the basis of the deed of commission or omission of that office? I could readily name quite a few highly placed officials during the Roosevelt and Truman Administrations who have been more unsparingly criticized than Mr. Forrestal ever was, and have been blamed much more severely for what they did or failed to do. I could name some with respect to whom the newspapers, the columnists and the commentators have been actually sadistic.

By the time he became Secretary of Defense, Mr. Forrestal should have been aware that the public official who cannot take criticism, whether or not he believes he deserves it, should speedily cease to be a public servant. There have been attempts in the newspaper and radio comments to attribute Mr. Forrestal's unhappy act of self-destruction to something other than the irrepressible conflict in his own mind. However, no one in fairness can charge any individual with pressing him beyond the limits of his endurance to commit an act that has shocked the country. Who of his own knowledge could possibly know that Mr. Forrestal ever read or heard any criticism of him that had the effect of pushing him beyond his self-control? Lacking such sure knowledge, he is an unscrupulous person indeed who would recklessly seize upon this tragic affair to display his own ill-will against those who, if they criticized Mr. Forrestal, doubtless did so in good faith. Such persons, perhaps without realizing it, are indirectly encouraging suppression of the freedom of opinion that is essential to our institutions.

It might be well to consider the case of former Undersecretary Sumner Welles of the Department of State. There can be little doubt that the accident which almost cost him his life last winter was the result of a nervous condition which undoubtedly was aggravated, if it did not have its origin, in what he and many others felt had been unjust treatment resulting in his involuntary resignation from a position which he was so well qualified to fill. It was personal dislike and prejudice that cost the country the experience and ability of this outstanding official. Yet who has ever suggested that the higher official who insisted that Sumner Welles be relieved of the office for which he was so highly qualified was responsible for his subsequent narrow escape from death and the semi-invalidism he has suffered since that escape? The man responsible for Mr. Welles's retirement may have acted unreasonably, but he acted within his rights.

Some of the newspaper and radio commentators have been decent enough to lay part of the blame for Mr. Forrestal's self-destruction upon a press that is too eager at times to attack public officials unfairly and unjustly. Journalism frequently insists upon standards that probably no newspaper in the United States could itself hope to attain. From certain outbursts in the press and over the air it would seem that there must be some guilty consciences which would solace themselves by pointing the finger of accusation at others who, in the exercise of their undoubted rights to assess and pronounce upon the competency of a public official in the transaction of the people's business, felt, as Mr. Forrestal himself undoubtedly did, that he was not equal to effecting a result in which he did not believe.

God save the mark when a Pegler presumes to pronounce judgment upon fellow craftsmen! One may wonder how many of the charges and insinuations that would seek to blame any particular person or persons for a great tragedy may be the evidence of a consciousness of personal shortcomings. It may be that spite and envy and revenge are the ugly components of the self-righteous expostulations and accusations that have permeated the atmosphere of American public opinion since James Forrestal, taking advantage of the carelessness of those to whom his well-being had been entrusted, committed suicide. After all, Mr. Forrestal was unguarded—even if only for a few minutes—at a time when, as it was officially admitted later, a person with a suicidal predisposition might undertake his own self-destruction. In this day and generation, we do not offer up bodily sacrifices of man or beast to appease the wrath or vengeance of the gods. With more subtlety, and therefore with greater cruelty, we indulge our sadism by inflicting more unbearable torments upon our fellows than by merely burning them at the stake. We torture the minds and imaginations of our victims for alleged mistakes, even though they acted innocently and without malice. And it is added pleasure to our sadistic souls if their families can also be reached.

As I have said, only history, in its own good time, can weigh the life and deeds of James Forrestal and set the golden nuggets of his patriotic devotion to duty over against the dross that he shared with all of the rest of us.

HAROLD L. ICKES

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

THE EXTERNAL EMERSON

by Malcolm Cowley

RALPH L. RUSK'S life of Emerson contains 508 large pages of text, besides 43 pages in which he identifies his sources and 40 crowded pages of index and bibliography. It is the first book on Emerson since 1889 to be based on a fresh study of the family papers. Scholarly, exhaustive, accurate, it is destined to remain a standard work for a long time—and I wonder why Rusk devoted ten years of his own life to writing it.

THE LIFE OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON, by Ralph L. Rusk (Scribner's; $6).

Or twice ten years, if we go back to the beginning. For the first half of the longer period he was preparing a copiously annotated edition of Emerson's letters, which appeared in six volumes in 1939. Then, starting with the Emerson family in colonial times, he began collecting more facts and still more facts. Besides rereading the family papers preserved by the Ralph Waldo Emerson Memorial Association, to which he has been the only scholar outside the family circle to be granted free access, he worked for many months in the Houghton Library at Harvard, and that was only the beginning of his labors.

He read through the Emerson collections of the Columbia University Libraries, the New York Public Library, the Union Theological Seminary Library, the Massachusetts Historical Society, the Concord Free Public Library, the Concord Antiquarian Society, the Emerson House in Concord, the Harvard Historical Society (of Harvard, Mass.), the Andover-Harvard Theological Library, the Abernethy Library of Middlebury College—"and other libraries—" he adds in his preface, "more than can be named here." Town by town, almost step by step, he followed Emerson's travels in America and Europe. He became known in the academic world of two continents as "the Emerson man." Not deliberately, but simply by the rumor of his prodigious studies, he frightened away other scholars who might have worked in the same field. Then, taking advantage of a Guggenheim fellowship, a sabbatical leave from Columbia University and all his other academic vacations, he wrote this immense, authoritative book—and again I wonder why.

In his style, in his arrangement of facts, in his critical explanations he reveals no more than a tepid admiration for Emerson. Not once does he make us feel by comment or quotation that Emerson was a very great writer. Not once does he descend to those deeper levels—his own or Emerson's—where the author speaks for himself, risks himself and pronounces each word as if he were carving it in stone. Rusk works ahead like a bookkeeper copying rows of figures, proud of their accuracy and not much concerned with their ultimate meaning. Twenty years ago Emerson must have fired his imagination and given him a picture of the long course that he would follow; but now the fire has died away, leaving chiefly the determination to finish the task once grandly conceived.

"To write, not merely a book about Emerson, but one fit to be called his life": that was the project he has carried to completion. Here in this volume is Emerson's joyless childhood; here are his family tragedies, including the death of three brothers and his first wife by consumption; here are the posts he held, the lectures he gave, the fees he earned and the cities he visited. Seldom do we read a biography that follows its hero so closely from cradle to grave.

Rusk has many new facts to present, and they make us feel that Emerson was less of a serene sage than we had pictured him; more of a rebellious student, a faithful and grieving brother, a passionate lover of his first wife. We perceive what we may have missed before: that Emerson's optimistic sermons were being preached for himself as well as the public, in the midst of his sorrows.

Yet this light on the inner man is offered indirectly and almost inadvertently. What Rusk is really presenting in this book is the external Emerson, in terms of behavior—the author as seen by his family, his friends and his lecture audiences; not the lonely man who lived in his own mind and wrote by flashes of inspiration that were sometimes mystical experiences. There were moments when he felt that his personality was being merged in the universal life and when he redoubled his energy by drawing, as he said, on "a great public power . . . by unlocking, at all risks, his human doors, and suffering the ethereal tides to roll and circulate through him." These moments are mentioned at some length in the essays and the journals, but I cannot remember that Rusk ever refers to them. Instead he talks about Emerson's pear orchard and his investments in railroad bonds.

Rusk doesn't ask the questions that are suggested by Emerson's career; for example, he never seems to wonder about the reasons for the poet's slow growth and sudden flowering. At Harvard Emerson was not a distinguished or a popular student. His scholastic rank was thirtieth in a class of 59 and he was named as class poet only after six others had declined the honor. He was not a success as a schoolmaster nor famous as a young preacher—at least until he resigned his pulpit at the age of 29—yet a few years later he had become the recognized leader of the

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younger generation in New England. "I think Mr. Emerson is the greatest man that ever lived. *As a whole* he is satisfactory," Sophia Peabody wrote in her diary for 1838, when she was being courted by Hawthorne.

Emerson had become a cult with the Peabody clan; but so had he also become with all the reformers and all the representatives of what was then called "the newness." It was a wave of individual rebellions that had swept over New England, carrying with it freaks of every nature. Emerson listed them once as "Madmen, madwomen, men with beards, Dunkers, Muggletonians, Come-outers, Groaners, Agrarians, Seventh-day Baptists, Quakers, Abolitionists, Calvinists, Unitarians and Philosophers"; but he might also have mentioned feminists, vegetarians, no-money enthusiasts, primitive communists and future railroad financiers then sowing their intellectual wild oats. Emerson stood aside from them, yet they all read his books and most of them regarded him as their patron and prophet. Another question that Rusk fails to ask is how much Emerson's work was a product of the same forces that produced the general movement, and how much "the newness" was the lengthened shadow of Emerson.

There is one period of his life that is admirably suited to Rusk's external method of biography. It is the period after 1866, when Emerson was losing his memory, when he had no new ideas, when he reread his own books and murmured in his daughter Ellen's hearing, "Why, these things are really very good." Since his life by then had lost most of its inner meaning, it can be fully described in terms of travels, encounters, lectures and financial records (on which Rusk is especially good). He is also good at collecting anecdotes, like the one about Emerson's conducted tour of a San Francisco opium den. "There is not much aspiration there—or inspiration," was his very mild comment. At home in Concord he entertained Bret Harte and invited him, Harte said, to spend a "wet evening" over a glass of sherry.

Emerson in his old age was serene, Buddha-like and sometimes ridiculous in a large, lovable fashion. Rusk tells that story well, but it is not a story of great moment to our age or any other. The Emerson whose memory should be revived—and his work reread, after years of neglect—is the young rebel against all forms of the mob spirit. "Let us affront and reprimand," he said, "the smooth mediocrity, the squalid contentment of the times."—"The timidity of our public opinion is our disease, or, shall I say, the publicness of opinion, the absence of private opinion." These are statements we need to hear again in these days when private citizens are being asked to support and expound intolerance as the only true Americanism. Emerson had good advice for scholars, too; he liked to repeat for them the Arabian proverb: "A fig tree, looking on a fig tree, becomes fruitful." He meant that each new labor of scholarship should become a creative work; but Rusk has failed to follow the master's advice. The figs on his branches have a dusty taste and the smell, not of new ideas, but of old letters in a Concord attic.

THE TYRANTS

TWO WORLDS AND THEIR WAYS, by I. Compton-Burnett (Knopf; $3.50).

MONOTONY is Ivy Compton-Burnett's principal charm and it gives her devotees the character of addicts. In novel after novel, and currently in *Two Worlds and Their Ways*, Miss Compton-Burnett displays *her* world and penetrates its ways; virtually the same cast demonstrates various aspects of the same theme. This theme is tyranny and the distortion of its victims (a subject of such independent importance and fascination that it is easy to overrate this writer's really considerable achievement). The setting is almost always an English country house, the time the late part of the last century when the domestic pattern is still found intact. The head of the family dominates the children, servants and dependent relatives; inevitable among the latter is the ineffectual bachelor who whimsically-astringently exploits his position as the aging child-fool.

The tyrannized are susceptible through youth or poverty; they are slaves, denied individuality, independence or privacy. Their weapon of defense is the slave's weapon: guile; their consolation is cynicism and a peculiar freedom of interminable speech. Innocence is too dear for these domestic desperadoes; even "a child is not what we think." The atmosphere is poisoned with shame as the victims accept their own guilt and force the tyrant to face his. From the struggle evolves an ideal of civilized people who let one another alone—neither bully nor go through bureau drawers.

In the present story, the home world is paralleled by the world of two boarding schools where the children are sent. This situation is rich for comment. School, says this book's bachelor, "taught me to trust no one and to expect nothing." The defense of the system is that "I learned to suffer, and that is the basis of happiness." "Why should not school be an open and natural life, like any other?" asks one of the characters. "Like what other?" comes the ready reply.

Both children cheat; they are caught and go home to meet their disgrace. But at the same time, secrets in their elders' past are revealed and a compromise is based on the general guilt. The children discuss the matter in the nursery: "Then we are prepared for life, aren't we?" asks the little boy. "No," says his sister, "we are shattered by it, before it comes."

But in this ideal Compton-Burnett situation there is a flaw. The tyranny which is presumed as a basis for the book is never demonstrated. The *domestic* tyrants are too ready to admit their error. They are fatally self-conscious and interested in the problem. In fact, they have become "progressive" parents. As for schoolmasters, they are supposed to "destroy each other in imagination, and treat boys with hysterical cruelty, and ruin them by romantic devotion, and lose heart and hope and become machines." But

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as a matter of fact, these schoolmasters are a kindly, lackadaisical lot, undeserving of, but resigned to, their evil reputation. When a sympathetic matron says she will make the boys "feel at home," it is too thin to reply, "She will make them feel at school." And with the persistent tyranny eased, the risk in the author's method is exposed.

All this talk; when there is nothing people are afraid to say, they are afraid of little else! In her best books—in *Bullivant and the Lambs*, for example—she runs the risk safely, and the talk is controlled as a stylistic device that reveals, instead of relieving, the pressure of the situation. But in the present relatively benign circumstances, the characters seem to have picked up their speech from Miss Compton-Burnett's other novels. Amusing, sometimes brilliant, as the talk is, it runs on and on from habit. Of course, for this writer's addicts, that will be almost enough.

JOHN FARRELLY

THEATRE: Vaudeville

FROM 1911 TO 1935, the Palace on Broadway was the temple of vaudeville. Mere booking there meant glory. Hoofers and tumblers, comedians and sister acts, lived for the day they could appear there and have the achievement recorded in *Variety*, published around the corner by the prophet of the cult, Sime Silverman. An entertainer became a Palace offering after playing the vaudeville circuit for many years, wowing the folks in Toledo and Billings. But once arrived, profitable engagements were assured.

The talkies nicked vaudeville; radio almost killed it. Then came television. The William Morris booking agency boasted in trade advertisements a year ago, when it started to organize the Milton Berle program for television, that vaudeville had been resurrected. When the Palace, late last month, announced eight live acts, it seemed as if a dream had finally come true.

After the last curtain on opening day, the current headliners dropped into Gus-Andy's, the Forty-seventh Street bistro next door to the stage entrance of the Palace, and found there a number of ancients gathered to do them honor. Everything edible and potable was on the house, but the guests provided the tearful entertainment. They wept, they cheered, they threw themselves on one another's necks and they tactfully avoided any reference to the quality of what had just been shown on the stage next door or to the bookkeeping involved.

The acts were about what can be seen almost any night on television or on the floors of the less expensive night clubs in the larger cities. On the whole, it was what Broadway calls a "warm" show—one that compensates for its small distinction by excellent intent, fast pace and good taste.

There were two good comedians, an Englishman named Norman Evans who is apparently a West End edition of Bobby Clark, and a winsome young lady, Lorraine Rognan, whose grotesqueries are funny because she plays them with tongue in cheek. Acceptable, but not particularly exciting, were two novelty acts: the Marvellos, who combined sleight-of-hand with music, and Dolinoff and Raya Sisters, whose *pièce de résistance* is a blackout dance. The rest was filler to sit through until the picture came on.

If the show itself was mediocre, the doings surrounding the affair were ardent. As a symbol, Pat Rooney Sr. came on in an epilogue, a ghostly chorus doing a ninth-act bonus. Once more he soft-shoed at his old spot, left of center. He made remarks properly, and sincerely, nostalgic. He called old colleagues from the audience to take a bow. He pulled Bill "Bojangles" Robinson onto the stage, and the house went wild. Then Pat walked through the stage door and into Gus-Andy's. There, little Joe Laurie Jr. was acting

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as master of ceremonies. With his ubiquitous jumbo cigar—the same brand he smoked onstage at the "old" Palace—Laurie pointed out some who had helped make vaudeville history.

Lew Hearn was at the gathering without his partner, Eddie Cantor. But the team of Smith & Dale was complete, as well as the patter tandem known as the Watson Sisters. Mabel Ford, of the dancing Four Fords, was a beautifully gray-haired representative for her famous group, and Tom Patricola had come as a delegate from his dancing family. Henry Dunn was there, and Harry Puck, the singer Lillian Shaw and the comedian "Senator" Murphy and many other contemporaries, including the man who was agent for so many of them in their heyday, Max Hart.

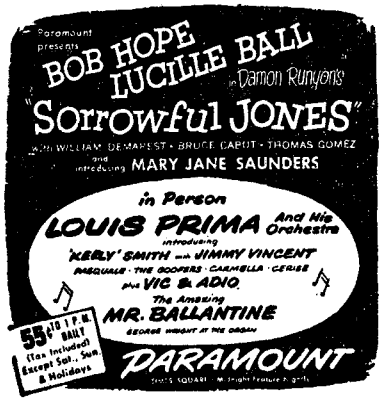
Abel Green, wearing the departed Silverman's editorial mantle, had, as expected, thrown out *Variety's* red carpet. But if he was kind to "the kids," he was nevertheless realistic. Gently he lectured on arithmetic.

The Palace seats only 1,700. At a 95-cent top, it can fill the house four times a day (five on weekends and holidays) if it throws in a good picture with the eight acts of live vaudeville. Even if half the weekly budget of $7,000 to $8,000 is paid for the movie, the Palace will not get the big first-run films—these will go to the competing houses on Broadway where the seating capacity is greater and the run is not limited to a single week. The Palace will have to rely on live talent to keep going.

But customers are hard-hearted about quality. With a budget of $3,000 to $4,000 a week, and with a full orchestra in the pit, the Palace can pay its acts—regardless of the number of people in them—no more than an average of $300 a week. At that rate, it will rarely book people like those who attended the big party. And at that rate it cannot be the stimulus for new vaudeville circuits, which might, if reëstablished, provide an act with a steady 26-week-a-year income.

What it all comes down to, then, is vain hope, and in their hearts the entrepreneurs must know it. Some of them talk about the value of the Palace as a "showcase." What they mean is that the Palace would exhibit talent headed for vaudeville's most powerful competitor—television. But those who are hitching their wagons to television can, if they are good, find other routes where the pay is higher than $300 a week or the contract is for a longer period. For a time the Palace may charm customers in love with tradition, but that will wear thin when the mediocrity of the acts is established. The audiences will discover that top entertainers—old or new—won't work for Palace peanuts. That party at Gus-Andy's was a belated wake. SAUL CARSON

MOTION PICTURE



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MOVIES: No Part for Tracy

WHEN "Edward, My Son" opened on Broadway last October, the critics skimmed quickly over the play itself and hailed the evening as the occasion of Robert Morley's return to the New York stage. It was apparently not necessary to take the text seriously because Morley did not. His performance was a tour de force, a display of theatrical wit and trickery.

Now the play has been adapted for the screen with Spencer Tracy in the Morley role, and Tracy is no tour-de-force entertainer. He is a literal-minded actor, with a narrow emotional range, who builds a character brick by brick out of easily labeled, unambiguous detail. In his honest but heavy hands, "Edward, My Son" becomes the tedious travail of a man who is both a scoundrel and a fool.

Arnold Boult, the father of Edward, is drawn by Morley and Noel Langley, co-authors of the play, as an enterprising young merchant who conceives, on the birth of his son, an insane ambition for the boy's future. To that end, he place himself above the law and above human decency. He burns his store, betrays his partner, abandons his mistress, frames his friend, drives his wife into dipsomania. At the same time, he treats his son with a feckless indulgence that produces a monster of weakness and evil. It is unnecessary to argue whether or not this character is credible; it is damned in either case because it is uninteresting. There is no conflict in the part, no variety and no surprise. It is merely a flat recitation of criminal foolishness and foolish crime. Morley, by winking at his au-

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dience, may have turned Boult into a straw man for his merry antics, but when Tracy, having made the character conform to his pedestrian logic, begs the audience at the end to tell him what error spoiled his plans, you can only snort with irritation.

"Edward, My Son" is an Anglo-American M-G-M production, made in England and with Deborah Kerr, Ian Hunter, Mervyn Johns and Leueen MacGrath in the supporting roles.

Preston Sturges, once a leading Hollywood satirist, has written, produced and directed "The Beautiful Blonde from Bashful Bend" with his tongue in his cheek and his mind a blank. With a tragic lack of originality, he has fallen back on the weary notion of making a parody Western: it is "The Paleface" without Bob Hope or "Buttons and Bows."

The hilarious central theme of "The Beautiful Blonde" is that Betty Grable, raised from infancy to handle a six-shooter like Wild Bill Hickok, is fated to shoot the local magistrate in the seat of the pants every time she gets a gun in her hands. This anatomical humor is supported by the shocking antics of a pair of half-wit brothers, the giggles of Hugh Herbert, El Brendel's Swedish accent and the pince-nez comedy of Rudy Vallee. There is a gun battle in which the clichés of horse-opera mayhem are laboriously kidded and during which Miss Grable loses her skirt.

The National Legion of Decency has condemned "Devil in the Flesh" and dutiful Roman Catholics will henceforth avoid a picture that demonstrates the tragic consequences of illicit passion. The Legion, naturally, does not object that the unhappy lovers in Radiguet's story are punished; it is only indignant that anyone should pity them in their agony.

It is futile to discuss morality with bigots, but it is perhaps worth repeating for non-Catholic readers that "Devil in the Flesh" is a moving, beautiful and completely honorable film. ROBERT HATCH

ON THE AIR: Collateral Reading

THE SPRING ISSUE of the *Public Opinion Quarterly* contains an article by Giraud Chester, associate editor of the *Quarterly Journal of Speech.* In his former post, as assistant professor of speech at Cornell University, Chester made it his business to know a good deal about radio, and took the position that anyone who avails himself of the air has an obligation to be fair. People who disliked Chester when he was at Cornell will like him even less now. For in his *Public Opinion Quarterly* piece he is coldly savage toward Fulton Lewis Jr.

"What Constitutes Irresponsibility on the Air?" asks Chester in his title. With much documentation and professorial annotation he exhibits Lewis as a shocking example. It seems to Chester that Lewis often substitutes emotional lather, "hyperbole" and "inadequate evidence" for fact. At one time, Chester says, Lewis "either did not know the meaning" of words he employed on the air or "misled his radio audience by deliberately misstating a fact." In an attack upon Wilson Wyatt, Lewis broadcast that he had "sworn affidavits" to back up some serious charges. Later, under oath, Lewis' evidence reduced itself to "a single unsworn statement."

Lewis is shown campaigning against the OPA, against a federal housing program, against coöperatives. Chester calls Lewis' commentary style "free-wheeling and free-hitting" and offers scholarly data "which give rise to accusations of irresponsibility." Thus Chester takes his place with others who have, from time to time, accused Lewis of the electronic rabbit punch. He calls this a "case study." It's more than that; it's an indictment.

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and Outlook" has appeared in *Current Economic Comment*, a quarterly issued by the University of Illinois College of Commerce and Business Administration. The author, Dallas W. Smythe, professor of economics at Urbana, was once in the employ of the Federal Communications Commission, where periodically he issued to the public data that displeased many broadcasters.

Smythe's impressive array of quotes and figures, dealing with video's physical position and outlook, will disturb no one. But when he comes to television's potential as a social force, we see why he made the industry unhappy in his official days.

Leisurely, he traces television's possibilities. It could become the major instrument toward concentration of mass-media control in the hands of monopoly. It could affect the individual's relation to the whole society. Smythe concludes:

> Is it possible that [television viewers] will become passively habituated to accepting predigested attitudes as a substitute for thinking and talking about problems? What effect will the regular exposure of a majority of the population for an average of several hours a day have on the individual's capacity for the exercise of his own, whole personality in thought and action? Will TV have an integrating or disintegrative effect on individual and family life? What is its relation to the problems of minority groups? Will it have a constructive or destructive effect on the processes of democratic government in dealing with local, regional, national and international problems? What becomes of the theory of public service responsibility of the broadcast licensee? Is a new national policy on communications called for? If so, what kind of a policy should it be?

It is now accepted by all historians that America, in its days of fast physical growth, permitted grievous waste of many natural resources. Are we being as careless now, when we let questions like Smythe's go unanswered because the effort to resolve social problems might slow the growth of a new colossus?

I come now to a calmer view. There is a new Public Affairs Pamphlet, "Comics, Radio, Movies and Chil-

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dren" (20 cents), by Josette Frank, educational associate with the Child Study Association of America. The author is superbly sane. She offers much advice on what parents, teachers and the community can do to overcome the evils they discover in their youngsters' fare. But she also admonishes those who imagine their kids developing into delinquents every time they attend a seance with one of the mass media. There are some refreshing reminders in the pamphlet:

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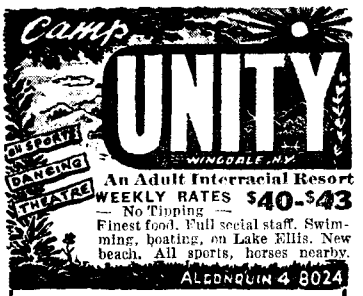
Invention and Innovation in the Radio Industry, written by W. Rupert MacLaurin with the technical assistance of R. Joyce Harman (Macmillan; $6), is, as far as I am able to judge, a complete tracing of the development of modern broadcasting from inventors' dreams to the coaxial cable. Equal emphasis is given to the scientific and economic sides of standard radio, FM, TV and facsimile. The language is gratefully non-technical.

More popular in style—to the point of flamboyance—is *The Story of Television: The Life of Philo T. Farnsworth,* by George Everson (Norton; $3.75). To judge by this success story, the whole scientific world had sulked in a cave until young Farnsworth came out of Utah and proclaimed the word. Discounting Everson's extravagance, however, the fact is that Farnsworth's contributions to the development of video really were important. The author paints an impressive picture of the boy, not yet of legal age, who won the financial backing of hard San Francisco bankers.

SAUL CARSON

RESORTS



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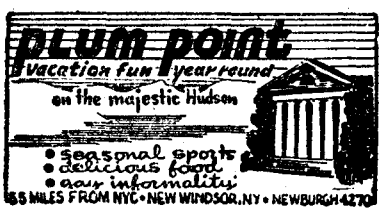
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